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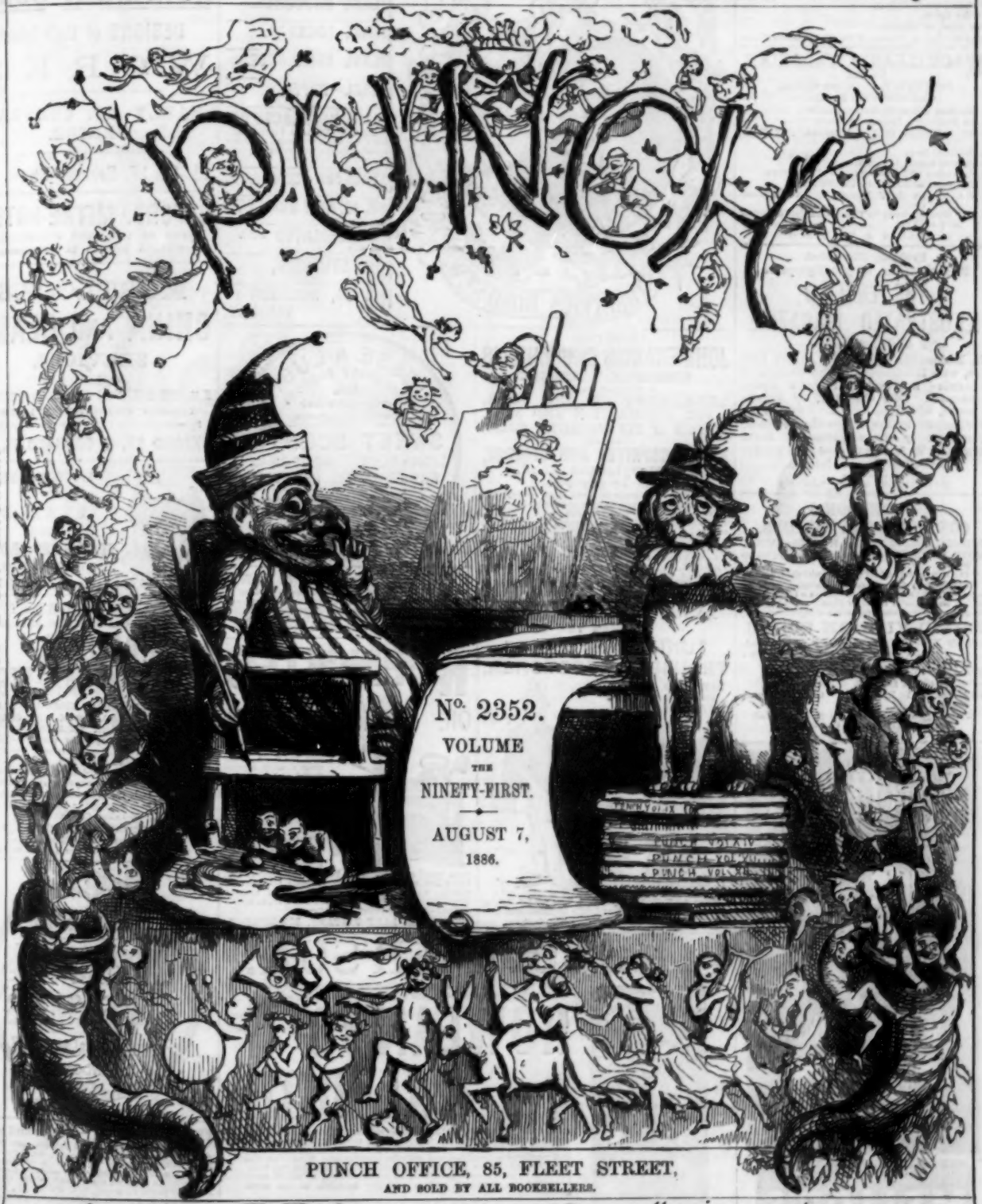

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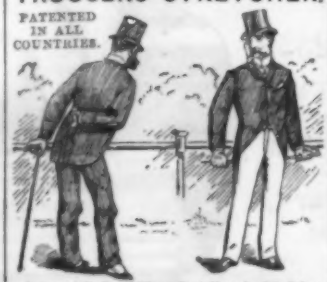

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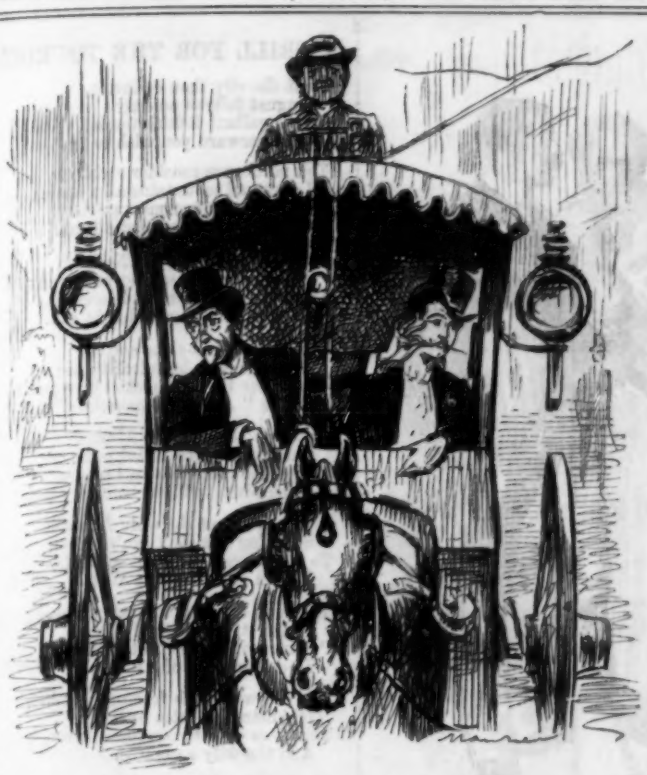


VANITY AND HYPOCHONDRIA.

(Use of the Looking-Glasses in a Hansom Cab.)

A FIELD-DAY AMONG THE CITY GUARDIANS.

The Guardians of the City Union, rising for once above the somewhat dull level of their ordinary proceedings, discussed at their weekly meeting a subject that evidently suited them, and showed them in their very best form.

A Special Committee had been appointed to consider the highly important question, whether the Officers of Thavies Inn—presumably a refuge for Casual Poor—should be allowed the sum of £4 10s. yearly, instead of the usual quantity of beer. And this interesting matter naturally brought out the fiery eloquence of the Guardians. The leading member said it was their bounden duty to discourage the use of stimulants, on which a jovial member shouted "Nonsense!" A still more jovial member boldly remarked that, if it had not been for alcoholic spirits, the Board would not have had his valuable services for thirty-one years. He added this most convincing statement as to their beneficial influence,—"Why my wife gives my fowls and my canary-birds brandy to restore them!"

Another bold member claimed the same right for their Officers as they claimed for themselves. "He was exceeding sorry," he said, in tones of deep pathos, "when he saw any member of that Board take too much." There were cries of "Oh, oh!" but the bold member defied them to say they had not taken too much. There were cries of "Name!" and sarcastic members remarked that perhaps the bold member had taken too much himself, at which there was some derisive laughter.

Then a very rash member, though a Common Councilman, demanded to know whether he was one of those alluded to; but the hitherto bold member said that he declined to answer; upon which the rash member indignantly exclaimed, "Then you insinuate that I am!" adding the remarkable words, "I object to it getting into the papers that members of the City of London Union get drunk." Not content with that, he continued the subject by asking indignantly, "Did any member of the Board ever see me drunk?" To which affecting appeal a member, who had hitherto remained silent, cruelly remarked, "I begin to think you are all drunk!"

Upon this a literary member said that he felt his reputation had been reflected upon, though he did not say upon what, adding that for his part he had never seen any member "top-heavy." Upon this the bold member remarked that he had never said anyone was "top-heavy," but simply that they had taken too much; a fine distinction very creditable to his power of discrimination.

A presumably sporting member having spoken somewhat contemptuously of the rampant teetotallers of Thavies Inn, asked two questions of so convincing a character, that no one ventured to reply to them. "Why," he asked, in tones of burning indignation, "should Homerton and Bow be dragged," metaphorically of course, "at the tail of Thavies Inn?" Ah! why indeed; and, "Why should they draw the line at Beer and not at Potatoes?" and Echo answered, Why?

After these burning appeals the debate somewhat languished, falling to the level of mere common sense, and including a common-sense remark from a gentleman from bonnie Scotland, that what the Officers wanted was not to give up drinking, but to have a choice of drinks.

The motion was eventually lost, and the Officers are not to be robbed of their beer, for a mere paltry money equivalent, which is a fortunate thing for those under their control. It is well-known that no one's temper can stand much "worriting." He who confines his drink to the same level as that of the poor unreasoning soulless animals, who never take too much and are never "top-heavy," cannot avoid irritation.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

137, *Little Jones Smith St., Paddington,*
Dear Mr. Punch, *August 3rd*, 1886.

As at this season, when everybody is leaving London, there must be a considerable number of impecunious Peers who, like myself, are unable, from sheer want of means, to go anywhere at all, I am writing for the purpose of throwing out a few hints to those of my order who find themselves in the same box with me, how to make the Metropolis a passable place of residence during these holiday months. I assume that they, like me, have had to shut up their country places, dismiss all their servants, part with their carriages, let their town-house to some Colonial celebrities, and take furnished apartments in a back-street in Bayswater. If they have done this, they will still, I maintain, on my plan find it possible to derive from London life much of the zest and stimulus of foreign travel or the freshness and vigour of a Highland tour with its concomitant sport and excitement.

Take my own case. I am up at half-past five, and off for my dip in the Serpentine, which I find as fresh and delightful as if taken in any Scotch lake or at any fashionable watering-place, and later in the day I go there for my salmon-fishing. I do not catch any salmon, at least I have not caught any yet, but what does it matter? I throw in my line, and wait for a rise until stopped by the Park-keeper, whose invariable appearance on the scene invests the sport with an additional element of surprise and excitement. Then, as to work with my gun—my air-gun—I get plenty of that at the cats in the neighbouring back-gardens; and though I believe that, owing to my having broken a stray window or two, the police have been set to watch me in this pursuit, yet I have hitherto had no reason to be jealous of my friends who will soon be making their biggest bags of grouse in the North. I have had an excellent time of it.

Meanwhile Lady Bareacres and the girls enjoy themselves, after their kind, most thoroughly. We not only mount on the top of a penny omnibus, and get our airing, in the fashion indicated in your last week's issue, by doing all the different routes in turns, but we vary our means of locomotion by taking occasional trips, that remind us of our yachting experiences, up and down the river, sometimes even going as far as Rosherville, which is, *par excellence*, the place to spend a happy day.

On the whole, my dear *Mr. Punch*, I can assure you we are in no way having a bad time of it; and though, owing, I believe, to the uncertain political outlook, our income is reduced from £10,000 to £350 a-year, we manage to make both ends meet, and, by following the course I have indicated, contrive to get as much recreative enjoyment from it as we ever did in the days of Continental travel, and Scotch Moor. So it is with confidence that I can say to my brothers in temporary ruin, "Go and do likewise," assuring them that they will, with a little contentment, and determination to take things easily for a season or two, find it quite as bearable as does

Yours, cheerfully, Bareacres.

MEM. BY A CABINET-MAKER.

The tip of the tout and the place-seeking Toff is
The same; in slang lingo 'tis, "Give me the office!"

"HEAR! HEAR!"

Ex-M.P. (*"Chucked" in the last Election.*) "I Worked 'ard for the Borough all the Session in the 'Ouse—so I wasn't whatch'ermaycall merely a Ornamental Member!"

A TRILL FOR THE TOURIST.

Still the city thou endurest,
August follows on July;
Say, O gallant British tourist,
Whitherward you wish to fly.

You perchance consider rightly,
Lakes and mountains all a sham;
Where the Switzer most politely,
Shears the Transatlantic lamb.

You may voyage to the Norland,
Where the Romsdal torrents run;
And o'er magic fiord and foreland,
See the wondrous midnight sun.

You can linger by the castles,
Of the legend-haunted Rhine;
Where the Baron whacked his vassals,
In the "*Abend-sonnenschein.*"

Or where olives round Albano,
Shade the azure-tinted pool;
Where the rose-hues on Lugano,
Come when twilight hours are cool.

You may tempt the wide Atlantic,
Speeding o'er its Titan's breast,
To where trees the most gigantic,
Rise in valleys of the West.

You may try your luck at euchre,
In the streets of far Pekin,
Parting with your "filthy lucre,"
To descendants of Ah Sin.

You can watch the fearsome combat,
If Australian tales be true,
That goes on between the wombat,
And the wily kangaroo.

These things done, with calm enjoyment,
Once again on London look:
And resume your old employment,
But, by Jove, don't write a book!

The Philosopher at the Popping-Crease.—Cricket, from the Umpire's point of view, is the most paradoxical of games, for it is all "Over" so many times before it comes to an end.

HYMN TO THE MODERN MERCURY.

Fragment more or less Homeric.

Sing, Muse, the Tory Hermes, loved of Jove,
The Herald-boy, king of Bœotia,
And its bucolic hosts; who doth not love
Him, adolescent, artful, modest, gay?
Frolic as Faunus in some antique grove,
Cavorting to Pan's rustic roundelay,
But deep as *Joey Bagstock*, or the well
Where Truth in undisturbed repose doth dwell.

Now, when this Rising Hope hath its fulfilling,
And to the world stands forth in high relief,
Behold, men say, a Leader all excelling,
A schemer subtle beyond all belief;
Fulfiller of our dreams, a smart, cat-belling
Gladstonian-watching, Rad-dismaying Chief,
Who, 'mongst the Treasury gods from eve to eve
A splendid reputation will achieve!

He, born to office at the peep of day,
Began to play Old Gooseberry ere noon;
And quickly he contrived to steal away
Apollo's Bulls, so that, with him in tune,
They bellowed as he willed, with him did stray,
In fact esteemed his leadership a boon.

He had the wit their bovine hearts to keep,
These Johnny Bulls, for he, though young, was deep.

He wrought himself a party instrument,
He tried the chords and made division meet,
Preluding with the plectrum, and there went
Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
Of mighty sounds, and from his lips he sent
A strain of well-premeditated wit,
Reckless, and wild and wanton—such you may
Hear among 'Arries on a holiday.

Therewith he drove the Bulls his wandering way,
But, being ever mindful of his craft,
Backward and forward drove he them astray,
So that the tracks, which seemed before were aft.
Some said, "He'll beat great Benjamin one day!"
Some thought the daring lad was simply daft.
But he proceeded playing up his rigs,
The Tories scared and dashed or dished the Whigs.

His mother marvelled at her new-born child:
She was a trifle dullish—for a god,
Or rather goddess. When the lad reviled,
His elders, she inquired, shaking the rod,
"Whence come you, and from what adventure wild,
You cunning rogue?" He muttered, "Oh, be blowed!"
"Ribald!" said she, "your rowdy impudence
Has shocked and sickened every man of sense.

"Apollo pretty soon on you will wait,
And tie you up in a tremendous chain,
Inextricably tight and fast as fate,
Unless you can delude the god again,
Even when within his arms—ah, runagate!
A pretty plague you'll be to gods and men.
Why can you not behave yourself?"—"Dear Mother,"
Replied sly Hermes, "Wherefore scold and bother?

"As if *I* were like other babes as old,
And knew no more than the Old Gang what's what,
Or cared how much a dozen Mothers' scold.
I, in my subtle brain, a scheme have got
To extricate us from "Out in the cold,"
To profit you and me, and mend our lot.
It does not suit a chap of my condition
To spend his brightest days in Opposition.

"But we will leave these shades, not for a 'Cave,'
But live among the gods, and pass each day

A VICTORY "CHILDLIKE AND BLAND."

(How our Anglo-Chinese Difficulty in Burmah was settled.)

In high communion, sharing what they have
Of power and place, and privilege and pay.
Old Tiddy-Iddy is too meek and suave,
He has no 'go,' and gives himself away.
When he *could* smash old Weg, he won't—but I
Am made of different stuff, I mean to try!"

* * * *

"A station like the Herald-Mercury
'New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill!'"
And will he keep well-poised there? We shall see.
Of eloquence, and of commercial skill,
Of numbers—Number *Four* especially—
Of cunning and good luck, by mortals still
The nimble Mercury is held the god,
If such an one cannot succeed 'tis odd.

'Tis said Apollo loved the child of May,
And that Jove covered them with love and joy;
Hermes with gods and men even from that day
Mingled, and wrought the latter much annoy,
And little profit, going far astray.
Well, *absit omen!* An Audacious Boy
May make a Mighty Man; fate-chastened, he
May soar, and shine, nor unremembered be.

Death of "Old Times."

Mr. Punch offers his sincere condolences to the *Times* on its recent domestic affliction. He would have done so at once out of his usual kindness of heart, but only learned it a day or two ago from the *Times* itself, which begins a review of a book called *An Old Shropshire Oak* with these touching words:—

"*Being a posthumous work, we may speak our mind* as to *An Old Shropshire Oak* more freely than we might otherwise be inclined to do."

Impossible to convey the distressing intelligence of the demise of a parent with greater delicacy.

KING OF THE CASTLE.

[The Englishman, Mr. Blackburne, has won the first place and prize in the International Masters' Tournament at the British Chess Association Congress.]

Black Wins.

In spite of sly gambit and devious turn,
"Perpetual check" was the ending of Burn;
And so, though a Master of Chess he is reckoned,
He had to put up with position as second.
A great gun is Gunsberg, and plenty of *nous*
On the black and white squares has the keen Taubenhaus; [stirred,
But Blackburne's supremacy neither one
And all they could do was to "tie for the third."
Though slowly finessing or putting the pace on,
Fifth place was the highest achieved by 'cute Mason.
And warily slow, or attacking with frenzy,
Great Zukertort failed, so did clever Mackenzie, [with pride,
Though Chessdom regards the great German
And so for the sixth and the seventh they tied.
The "Brilliancy Prize" is awarded to Schallopp,
Some small compensation for general wallop.
Lispchutz, Hanham, Mortimer, Pollock, and Bird
Higher place in the list would no doubt have preferred.
British Blackburne, bravo! True, Steinitz was not there,
But you licked the whole round, and you 've won "on the square!"

THE LOST LETTER-BAG.

("*Litera scripta manet.*")

XXII.

Since I wrote my spirited anonymous defence in the *Times* of the Authorities who are responsible for the present condition of the Round Pond, I own, my dear Doctor, to having had several scruples as to the precise value of my statistics. I am not quite sure, for instance, that six thousand tons of "blue slop," is an innocent top-dressing that may be harmlessly spread about the Gardens without detriment to the health of children of tender years frequenting them. And again, on second thoughts, I am perhaps inclined to question the proposition on which, in my communication, I so stoutly insisted—namely that the heat of mid-July, is the most fitting season, from a purely sanitary point of view, in which to try the experiment of exposing a vast surface of undrained bog that is rich in the vegetable putrefaction accumulated by a hundred years of undisturbed decay, to the influence of an almost tropical heat. It strikes me as just possible, that, with the thermometer at 80° in the shade, this exposed surface may give off fever-germs that might prove deleterious to the health of unsuspecting loiterers in the immediate neighbourhood, and although I have not written again to the *Times* on the subject, I am inclined to think, from what I have privately heard, that there is an active epidemic now raging among the youthful visitors to the Gardens, who have incautiously wandered too freely and fearlessly amidst the "blue slop" to which I have already referred.

What, my dear Doctor, in your opinion, ought I to do under the circumstances? Should I retrace my steps and give a note of alarm, or face the matter out and stick to my guns? Remember it is something to have a theory, and I have boldly advanced mine. Still in the face of facts, I am open to conviction. What then am I to do? Waiting your advice, I am, dear Doctor, Yours dubiously,

The Defender of the Round Pond Top-Dressing.

XXIII.

Dear Hackson, *St. Paul's Churchyard, July* 1.

I am forwarding to you the MS. of Mrs. Ponsonby Tompkins's Society Novel, *In the Swim*. The lady is rather in a hurry, she has called here thrice already, sat for an hour, and asked me to meet the Maharajah of Ramnugger. Will you kindly let me know as soon as you conveniently can, what you think of *In the Swim?* Yours very truly, T. Curle Tonson.

XXIV.

(The opinion of Mr. Hackson appears to have been arrived at with much promptitude, for he answers thus.)

Dear Tonson, *July* 1.

In the Swim. Skittles! Ouida and absinthe. All the French wrong, and all the English ungrammatical. And the morals! But Mrs. Ponsonby Tompkins has friends in the Press and (I believe, though I know nothing about it) in Society. Her last struggled into a second edition, at a shilling. But I give you the literary verity when I repeat,—Skittles!

Yours, very sincerely, Arthur Hackson.

XXV.

(The Publisher was not behind his Reader in promptitude. Here is his letter to the Author of *In the Swim*.)

Paternoster Row, July 6.

Dear Mrs. Ponsonby Tompkins,

Your Novel has been in the hands of a friend, in whose taste and experience I have confidence. He informs me that while the *style* is charming and attractive, and the incidents original and thrilling, he is obliged to recognise that the whole tone of the book is too realistic for our dull Puritan public, while the literary merit places it over their heads. I must, therefore, most reluctantly return to you *In the Swim*, trusting that it may meet, in other hands, with the success it merits.

Believe me, faithfully yours, T. Curle Tonson.

XXVI.

13, *Grub Street, Two pare back, Whistle Twice, before Nocking.*

Sir,—Observing that you ocashnaly publish Poetry, I have dropped into the following lines, wich please korect the authorgrafy, if you can, me being a self-taut Man, and erning my bred by my Penl. Yours to comand, Jo Gargery.

If a sub-editor is wanted at your orphis, would axept the post.

To the Edditur of the "Union Jack." J. G.

(This poem is enclosed.)

THE WOS OF THE JOS.

Jo, Jo, Jo, Jo, Joachim,
Four to sink and one to swim!
Only wun of them Remains
Chifting of the Chamberlain's!
Master of the onedrous Spell,
Mighty Joseph Leicester fell!
Fickel Odge has took the starch,
Out of honest Joseph Arch!
Joseph Cowan would not stay,
Where the Kaukus holds the sway.
Joachim, beyond the Tweed,
Came to orfle greef indeed!
Wot a weary tale of Wos,
Wot are we without our Jos?

XXVII.

(The following appears to be a reply to a threatening letter.)

Sir,—I have received your letter, announcing your intention to found a Society for the study of my Poems, and to publish weekly, what you call "pars," about myself in a literary journal. The letter I have placed in the hands of my Solicitor, and I warn you that, if you attempt thus to advertise yourself at my expense, I shall proceed against you, as I may be best advised, and shall spare no trouble to exercise on you the utmost rigour of the law. I am, &c.,

To Dr. Botheral. (*Signature illegible.*)

XXVIII.

Dearest Lucy, *Clapham, Thursday.*

I have treated you abominably, but, really, between the heat and the season, I've not had a moment. Of course, the hottest day in the whole summer I was told off to take a lot of Sunday-School girls for a "day in the country," to Greenwich, which is supposed to have an elevating effect upon them for the rest of the year. Of all the disagreeable things I ever have to do, this is far the worst. However, I may think myself lucky that I was allowed to *drive* to the Station, the rendezvous, instead of having to tramp two miles at 1 P.M., picking up girls by the way, and making agreeable conversation for them, like most of the other Ladies. Still, it is no joke waiting for an hour at a suburban Station, with eighty "young girls"—*real* young girls—pouring in by detachments, all in the wildest state of excitement, and decked with the entire contents of their jewel-cases. Of course, the first thing they did was to rush, helter-skelter, into a wrong train, and all the railway staff hardly sufficed to pull them out again before the train started. I had a whole compartment to look after, and felt rather nervous at the thought that the next one was filled with men—smoking shocking tobacco, by the way—and that the *talk* was distinctly *audible*.

I was truly thankful to reach Greenwich, and trusted that the girls might be fully occupied in getting tea, and that the heavy cake might calm down their excitement a little. So we all set to with a great deal of unnecessary bustle, and were flattering our elderly hearts that everything was going off splendidly, when, on the bell being rung—we had brought one on purpose—for the girls to be seated, the Superintendent looked round for the head girl to lead the singing grace. Instead of pious music of any sort, our ears were greeted with a shout of discordant laughter, which was found to proceed from some broken ground in the distance, where the *whole* of our first-class were engaged in playing *Kiss in the Ring* with a party of soldiers from the neighbouring barracks. My dear, if you could have seen the picture, you would never have forgotten it. I thought I should have died of laughing on the spot. The hot, dishevelled, romping girls, and the smart soldiers, quite unconscious

of the awful face of the Superintendent, as she advanced towards them, and the way the damsels scuttered off as she let fall a few words of rebuke—it was the funniest thing I ever saw. She succeeded in driving her flock, sheepish but giggling, before her; all but one, who stoutly declined to leave her soldier, declaring she didn't want no tea, but would 'ave a spree in the merry-go-round with 'im. A separation was ultimately effected, but the gloom that hung over that meal I never shall forget. It was a mercy everyone else took it so seriously, or I couldn't have held out; as it was, when I got home, I laughed myself nearly into a fit.

Ever Yours, Elizabeth Fry Romper.

MEMBERS WE SHALL MISS.

The last Election made havoc with many Members of the former Parliament. It displaced some old-stagers like Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Albert Grey, and Mr. Goschen. But where the blow was sorest was in the case of gentlemen just elected to the short-lived Parliament returned in November and dissolved in July. They had just got to know the ways of the place, were but beginning to enjoy the privileges of Membership, when they were plunged again into obscurity — called hence by early doom, born but to show how sweet a flower in Parliament might bloom. Here, for example (1) is Alderman Cooke, triumphantly elected for West Birmingham. Mr. Cooke was, apart from political enterprises, in the tack and shoe-rivet line. But he failed to rivet himself to his seat in the House, and, tacking, has gone back to the Birmingham Corporation. Henry Matthews, the new Home Secretary, personally conducted Cooke out of his seat, and took it for himself. Mr. Carvell Williams (2) will no more paralyse Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Talbot as they sit on benches facing that on which he took his place after being returned for South Nottingham. Though Secretary of the Liberation Society, Mr. Williams never liberated his soul in speech during his brief stay in the House. In November, 1885, he beat Mr. H. S. Wright, the Conservative candidate. In July, 1886, Mr. Wright beat him. As Mr. Williams says, fixing his *pince-nez* perilously near the end of his nose (as if it were the Church, and he wanted to disestablish it), "whatever is, is Wright." Here's Mr. R. Davies, of Anglesea (3), not to be confounded with David Davies, of Cardiganshire, who became in his old age a Liberal Unionist, and was turned out by the uncompromising Welshmen. Mr. R. Davies had a lively contest in November, literally escaping with his life. It seemed hardly worth the trouble to win the seat in November, to lose it in July. Mr. Duckham (4) was a gentleman of rather melancholy aspect with strong views on the Cattle Disease. Mr. Robson's (5) portrait was taken after his defeat. He was better looking when he sat for Bow and Bromley. A very able man, who with a fresh opportunity will make his mark in the House. Sir Matthew Wilson (6) is not a new Member. On the contrary, he is a very old one, entering the House for the first time more than forty years ago. He voted for the repeal of the Corn Laws at a time when only six others were found to take the same course. He has been in and out of the House ever since. Now he is out, and will be in no more. Sir Matthew is sketched in the act of posting his farewell address to his Constituents. We have some more pictures, but no more room this week.

(1)

(2)

(3)

(4)

(5)

(6)

PAPER-KNIFE POEM.

(*By Our Special Book-Marker.*)

"KIDNAPPED."

A graphic story here you 'll find, by R. L. Stevenson,
It beats the *Treasure Island*—or any he has done!
From opening unto finish your attention 's kept alive—
The scene is laid in Scotland, just after 'Forty-five—
'Tis a tale of wild adventure most marvellously told,
And cunningly the writer does his clever plot unfold:
Throughout the narrative we find the author at his best,
'Tis full of fight and bustle and of thrilling interest;
The characters are drawn, you 'll find, with most consummate skill,—
A book you ought at once to read, and read at once you will!

The Licence of the Press.

Says the *Echo*:—

"According to the Press Association, the chief claim to distinction of the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, is that he is the husband of Lady Londonderry. This is not very flattering to the Marquis, but a similar thing might be said of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, Prince Henry of Battenberg, Mr. Langtry, and other well-known people."

This is one of the wildest and most groundless allegations ever made, even in a halfpenny newspaper. The *Echo* is likely to hear from Lord Londonderry.

That 's All.

How Sarah must laugh at this foolish sensation
Concerning her cantrips a far foreign land in!
Doña Sol is determined on whipping creation,
And gives Madame Noirmont a sound flagellation
By way of just getting her hand in.

A Personal Explanation.—Why was Lord Randolph Churchill asked to take charge of the Imperial finances? That he might improve his manners and "become" the Ex-checker!

A "Bass" Relief.—The new Baronet sent from the Lower to the Upper House.

WHAT LADIES' HATS ARE COMING TO!

THE GRAND YOUNG MAN!!

Shade of Dizzy loquitur:—

Adventures are to the adventurous. Aye!
And you are as reckless at least as Ixion.
A cloud or a goddess? The question you 'll try.
'Tis long since Olympus has had such a lion.
Hum! Not since the curly and juvenile day
Of him the muffs mouthed at as *Vivian Grey*.

You stand—at your age!—where I stood after years
Of waiting on Fortune and working on fools.
Not forty! Unwearied by failures or fears.
To him who can use them are ever the tools,
But there 's an advantage you 'll scarce understand
In having the tools ready shaped to your hand.

If only, for instance, I 'd started like you,
With favouring airs and a prosperous stream,
For the Fortunate Isles, what a course they 'd review
Who summed Dizzy's story of daring and dream!
Success? On the cloud golden glories are cast,
But the genuine goddess escapes one at last.

Well, shake out your mane, my young Leo! I felt
Larger hopes and more leaden-winged sorrows than you know,
The closely-hugged glory to mist-wreaths may melt,
What matters if you can mistake it for Juno?
That attitude charms me, 'tis truly sublime
Mine own! Yet I fancy you 're more than mere mime.

And he the Grand Old One, my rival so long,
Survives to confront you. What thinks he, I wonder?
Will he smile on your youth with the calm of the strong,
Or angrily whelm you with voluble thunder?
Humph! It is not much use like a Titan to trounce
When genuine brain-force backs limitless bounce.

Still, insolence is *not* invective, you know,
A lesson you seem to have rather neglected,
A point-polished rapier, the prick, not the blow,
Is what from a *true* Grand Young Man is expected,
And finish you 'll find—ask your Chief—is a grace
Far harder to win than mere power or pace.

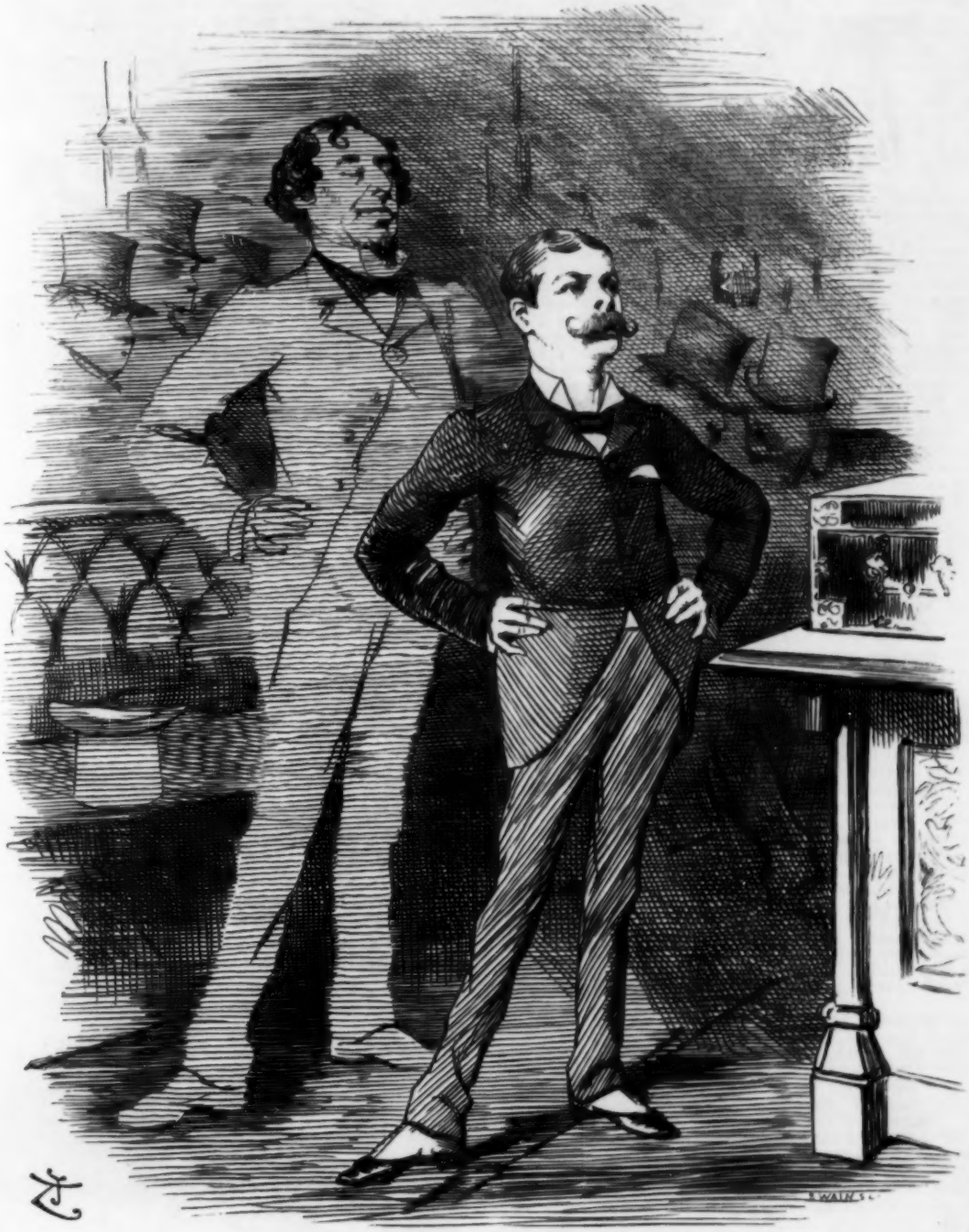
At least you 've your turn, and are come to the test.
By Jove! e'en a shadow may thrill with old feeling.
Those arms well a-kimbo, that fray-fronting breast,
That glance at the foe, at the floor, at the ceiling!
No, no, that 's not Peel you 're accusing of crimes,
But oh! it reminds me so much of old times!

RUMOURS IN THE AIR.

At the Exchequer all sorts of reports are afloat, the general purport of the most reliable being to the effect that the new Chancellor is determined to distinguish his tenure of the office by some striking financial *tour de force*. It is said that he contemplates a decided raid on the Income-tax, but whether in the direction of abolishing it altogether, or of doubling it, has not transpired. As a bid for the Tory Democracy, the removal of the tax off gin has been talked of; but as this will seriously impair the revenue from Excise, several methods of making up the deficiency are under discussion, the chief being a duty on Gladstone bags, Irish butter, and Radical constituencies.

News from the Foreign Office is of less exciting kind, the new Minister being understood to regard his duties from a grandmotherly point of view, a fact that has already been appreciated by one of the European Cabinets (supposed to be Berlin) that has sent anonymously, by parcels' post, an old woman's frilled cap, for the use of the incoming Foreign Secretary. It is supposed that the spirited policy inaugurated by Lord Rosebery will be reversed in the hands of a politician whose highest achievement hitherto has been to be shelved, through sheer feebleness and inability to conduct the affairs of his own party. *On dit*, however, that he has had a good supply of Continental maps sent in, and that his Chief has himself written out a quantity of copybook headings, embodying the principal lines of his own foreign policy for his guidance.

As for the rest, the new Irish Secretary is said to be eagerly reading up all the Home-Rule literature he can lay hands upon, and that a complete right-about-face, that will alike astonish enemies and friends, is quite on the cards in this direction. The Lord Lieutenant, on the other hand, is busily engaged in inspecting bullet-proof materials, and being measured for suits of chain-armour, to be worn under his ordinary clothes. On the whole the look-out is hopeful, though it is reported that the Premier passes a good deal of his leisure time in tossing up with a halfpenny to determine the many doubtful points of policy that are perpetually occurring to him.



THE GRAND YOUNG MAN!!

Shade of "Dizzy." "DEAR ME! QUITE REMINDS ONE OF OLD TIMES!!"

THE HAZARD OF THE DI-ON.

Dear Mr. Nibbs,

As you have expressed your earnest desire to learn all about *The Jilt* at the earliest possible moment, I hasten to satisfy your curiosity. Well you must know that it is written by a gentleman called Dion Boucicault, who produced some years ago several plays called *The Colleen Bawn, The Octoroon, Formosa, The Fox Chace, The Phantom, Jeanie Deans, London Assurance*, and many others. In fact at one time Mr. Boucicault appeared to be ubiquitous, his pieces were being played at a half-a-dozen Theatres, at the same time. But perhaps you know all this, and have heard his name before.

A very *gay* Trio. A specimen of the Author's London Assurance.

Well the play performed on Thursday last at the Prince's, is full of pleasant reminiscences. It is like *Flying Scud* and *Formosa*, and *Hunted Down*, and *London Assurance*. The characters are very familiar to me. *Lady Gay Spanker* reappears in a new form, in the person of *Phyllis Welter*, who is described in the playbill as "cradled in a manger, passed her childhood on horseback, and before arriving at her teens, became the spoiled child of the hunting-field." The friend of this eccentric damsel (who by the way has a speech on the lines of *Lady Gay's* well-known description of a Fox-Chace about a steeple chace, which however she shares with her mother and a lover, instead of speaking it all herself) is *Kitty Woodstock*, a lady that seemed to be twin-sister of *Grace Harkaway*, another of the *dramatis personæ* of Mr. Boucicault's earliest comedy. Then there was a sort of good-hearted *Dazzle*, combined with a sober *Charles Courtly*, a young *Squire Harkaway*, and a female edition of the boating-coach in *Formosa*. Many of the other characters, in one shape or another, seemed equally familiar to me.

Winning by Myles; or, engaged with a character from the *Colleen Bawn*.

Honestly, I cannot tell you the plot, because I could not make it out. So far as I understood it, there was once upon a time a stingy nephew, *Sir Budleigh Woodstock*, "a Yorkshire Baronet of great wealth and ancient lineage" (see small bills), who had a needy uncle always in difficulties, to whom he refused any pecuniary assistance. Then, somehow or other, a more-than-middle-aged Irishman wearing a very palpable red wig, appeared upon the scene, to be rather rude to a blackleg lordling and a many-sided tout, and to indulge in "bright comedy repartee" generally. Then there was something about some letters which were to be given to the stingy Baronet, to the utter confusion of his wife. Then the more-than-middle-aged Irishman made friends with the soon-to-be-confounded wife and her sister, *Kitty Woodstock, alias Grace Harkaway*. Then there was a lot of stable-talk, and a race in which the Irishman in the very palpable red wig and "the spoilt child of the hunting-field" both took part, apparently coming in a dead heat, the one mounted on the favourite, and the other on a rank outsider, the contest being witnessed by a crowd of Lord Mayor's footmen jammed up into a triangular space, as if they were bound by an invisible rope, or under a mystic spell. Then the "spoilt child," on account of her riding, was introduced to Royalty in the Royal Box, and then and then—well, I can't tell you anything more about it, as at this point I completely lost the thread of the story. All I know is that the piece was in five Acts, and so I suppose must have been full of incident. I did not see the horses, so cannot say whether the author was as well mounted as his piece.

Scene from a Realistic Modern Comedy. So like the Grand Stand at Goodwood!

Seriously, Mr. Boucicault would have shown greater wisdom had he not offered to the public what he calls in the playbills his "farewell tribute." *The Jilt* (why it has this title no one seems to know) of course has good lines. The author of *Arrah na Pogue* for nearly half a century has done nothing but write bright and amusing dialogue, and he did not give up the habit when he commenced his latest comedy. But in spite of clever repartees and excellent acting, (for it is most excellently acted) it is disappointing. The plot is confusing, the characters old-fashioned. Even the hero *Myles O' Hara* bothers one. He is not so agreeable as his namesake of the *Colleen Bawn*. Time was, when the improved English of an Irishman secured sympathy for its possessor, but since dynamite has come to the front, his brogue is not nearly so musical. After my return home I dreamed that I had been seeing *The Flying Scud* with a female jockey instead of a male, *Hunted Down* without Mr. Irving and Miss Herbert, and *Formosa* with the trainer put into petticoats, all being played simultaneously. This dream resembled a nightmare closely, but it more closely resembled *The Flirt*. Believe me always, dear Mr. Nibbs,

Charles—your Friend.

VICTIMS OF FÊTE.

(*From a Colonial's Diary*).

Monday.—Though very much fatigued by attending last week's sixteen Municipal banquets, commenced again this morning by running down to Mucklesborough and going over the Cathedral, Prison, and Workhouse, and visiting ancient Roman remains, subsequently lunching with the Bishop. Finished up by Mayor's Banquet in the evening. Home, full of enthusiasm at 1 A.M.

Tuesday.—A little fagged from the effects of yesterday, but started in the special to convey us to Frillington at 7·30. On arriving at 1·45, we were met by deputation, and escorted with a brass band to inspect the County Lunatic Asylum. Lunched in a tent, with the patients afterwards. Dinner at Town Hall at seven. Grand affair. Just caught special train back. Home full of enthusiasm at 3·45 A.M.

Wednesday.—Off, with a slight headache, to visit the Government Detonating Manufactories at Blankhurst. Capital luncheon prepared by Authorities. Passed the afternoon in witnessing various kinds of explosives. Deafened by the noise but interested. Stayed to the Mayor's banquet at the Town Hall. Grew enthusiastic and missed the last train. Home the next morning by 8·25.

Thursday.—Feeling the want of night's rest, and altogether not up to much, but manage to catch the 10·15, and arrive at Bolchester in time to join the party to the Coal Mines. Descend and go all over them, lunching at the Castle first. Glad to get out alive, and attend the Municipal banquet. Splendid affair. Champagne excellent. Never heard toasts go better. Was seen to station. Sing songs on the way back. Home by daylight.

Friday.—Feeling very poorly to day, and thoroughly fagged out, but manage to screw myself up to the mark, and catch the special that is to take us down to Westingham. Grand lunch first with the contractor, then go over the Iron Works. Suffocated with the fumes, and very glad to sit down at 7·30 to the Corporation dinner. Very thirsty. Drank the toasts enthusiastically. Volunteer an impromptu speech. Got home safely with the milk in the morning.

Saturday.—Obliged to bandage my head with wet towels before I can recollect what engagement I have for the day. Remember that we are invited to Dinglebury, to go over a factory-chimney, open the new baths and wash-houses, and inspect the convict training-ship, lunching with Lord Winkleford, and finally closing the day's proceedings with attending a grand banquet at the town-hall, given by the Mayor and Municipal Authorities. Take a strong pick-me-up, and determine to go, and start to catch the 11·40. Catch it, and get somehow through the day's programme, not feeling "fit" for anything, till half-way through the Mayor's banquet. Feel in such good spirits from the effects of the dinner, that I determine to sing them a comic song. To bed in my boots, but glad the week is over.

"Aristocratic" Horseplay.—Polo.

AT HER OLD TRICKS AGAIN.

Lady Snobbington (n/e Shoddy). "Oh, by the way, Mr. Löwe, do you ever Dine out without your Wife? I've a nice little Bohemian Dinner-Party on Sunday—nice clever people you will like. Come and Dine, and bring your Banjo, if Mrs. Löwe will spare you, just for once!"

Mr. Löwe (the Eminent Banjoist). "Ach! You are ferry goot, Lady Schnoppington! If it is ferry Pohemian intert, and de Laties are coing to Schmoke, and de Chendlemen are coing to Tine in deir Schirt-schleefs, I to not mind pringing my Pancho, and leafing my Vife at home, choost for vunce!"

SOMETHING LIKE A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

In a case in the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice last week, the Mother of the Petitioner for the dissolution of her marriage complained to the examining Counsel that he had not sufficiently established the Respondent's cruelty to her daughter. "Is that all you have to ask me?" she is reported to have exclaimed; "why, I have not said half enough!" Considering that the Barrister in question had already elicited that the Husband had frequently struck his Wife, tried to whip her like a child before the servants, boxed her ears, and "many times" made her arms black-and-blue with his violence, the Lady must indeed have been anxious to prove the case "up to the hilt." If every Wife had so vigilant a Mother, the President of the Court, and his well-meaning and sometimes quite facetious colleague, Mr. Justice Butt, would have less work to do in that branch of their Division labelled "Divorce."

Retort by a Tory.

Who has heard Lord R. Churchill called a political Will-o'-the-Wisp.

Lord Randolph a Will-o'-the-Wisp? Not at all!
But as he has worried old Weg to his fall,
As tribute at once to his pluck and his skill,
There is fitness in calling Lord R. *Whip-poor-Will!*

Important Philological Discovery.—That ghosts, when they *do* talk, always speak in the dead languages.

A BALLAD OF BURDENS.

Some way after Swinburne.

The burden of Old Women. They delight
In bulky bundles, always in the way;
In 'busses close they wedge you tight at night,
In railway trains they jam you up by day.
Plump dames with pulpy cheeks and locks of grey,
In weariness they waddle, puff, perspire.
To banish them for ever one would say,
This must be every busy man's desire.

The burden of Young Misses. 'Tis a bore,
A burden one would gladly from him fling.
Between eleven and fifteen, no more;
Thereafter girlhood is a charming thing.
But giggling chits set manhood shuddering,
And ogling eyes of school-girls tease and tire.
To stay their smirks and stop their sniggering,
This must be every wholesome man's desire.

The burden of Long Speeches. Nay, sit down,
Cover thine ears and weep, or verily
These platform pumps that deluge all the town
In these last days will be the death of thee.
In these last days, reviling volubly,
They pelt their foes with verbal mud and mire.
To send the babbling bores to Coventry,
This must be every silent man's desire.

The burden of Rich Living. Thou shalt fear
Waking, and sleeping toss upon thy bed;
And say at night, "No sleep for me, I fear.'
And say at dawn, "Oh thunder, *what* a head!"
With luscious viands thou shalt be o'erfed,
And wear remorse with indigestion dire.
To simplify the *menus* wise men dread,
This must be every healthy man's desire.

The burden of Sad Colours. Thou shalt see
Gold tarnished, ghostly grey, and livid green,
And lank and languorous thy face must be
To harmonise with the lugubrious scene.
And thou shalt say of scarlet, "It hath been,"
And sighing of old tints and tones shalt tire.
To bring back brightness and to banish spleen,
This must be every cheerful man's desire.

The burden of Smart Sayings. In this day
All wish as cynic wits to bear the bell.
Men mock at honour, justice, love, and say
The end of life "good stories" is to tell.
The cad's coarse jest, the cackle of the swell
Are much alike, things that the most admire.
To patter slang and tell side-splitters well,
This is the end of every fool's desire.

The burden of Bad Seasons. Rain in Spring,
Chill rain and wind among the budding trees,
A Summer of grey storm-clouds gathering,
Damp Autumn one dull mist of miseries,
With showers that soak, and blasts that bite and freeze;
A drenching Winter with north-easters dire.
To make an end of seasons such as these,
This must be every suffering man's desire.

The burden of Strange Crazes. Woman's right
To throng the polls, and join the spouting bands;
Theosophy and astral bodies, sleight
Of cunning jugglers from far foreign lands;
Buddhistic bosh which no one understands,
A thousand fads that 'gainst good sense conspire.
To gag the crotcheteers and tie their hands,
This must be every sober man's desire.

L'Envoy.

Donkeys, and ye whom frenzy quickeneth,'
Heed well this rhyme. Life's many burdens tire.
To lighten them a little, ere our death,
This must be every kindly man's desire.

Motto for the New Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.—"Other times other Manners."

AN AFFAIR OF ART.

HE Sage saluted each Member of the Procession as it passed before him. Several had come from Piccadilly, others from Pall Mall, quite a crowd from united Bond Street—New and Old.

"Any more, Sir Frederick?" asked the Sage of the leader of this strange gathering.

"Lots, my dear and valued friend," replied the polished P.R.A., "and, consequently, those who oppose my wish to limit the number of pictures hung by the same exhibitor at Burlington House, have the less excuse. As I have said to my respected colleagues Holl, Leslie, and Cooper Wells, nowadays we have so many Galleries that——"

"The House of Burlington should be kept as a place for specimens. I share your opinion, Sir Frederick, and feel sure that Mr. Holl, for instance, if he had excluded that picture of his of Sir John Millais, from this year's Academy, would not have damaged his reputation by the omission."

The P.R.A. smiled, bowed, and passed on gracefully.

"You appear pleased, Sir Coutts?" suggested *Mr. Punch.*

"I should think so," exultingly replied the artistic Baronet, "I have got a large picture on the line."

"A large picture on the line! Where?"

"At the Grosvenor Gallery," was the ready response, and then the talented and titled Lindsay added, "I don't know why it was so honoured."

"No more do I," returned *Mr. Punch;* "but I fancy I can guess. Well, Sir Coutts, at any rate it is in good company."

An elderly Artist followed, "All hail, Sir John, President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. All hail!"

"Thanks; but I am thinking of retiring," explained the veteran, Gilbert. "You see, fond as I am of dispensing hospitality—of maintaining the reputation of the Painters in Water-Colours—I find that one grows older."

"To judge from your work, I should doubt it," replied the Sage, with a bow fully as graceful as that of the P.R.A., and turning to the next who approached him, offered him his hand. It was grasped with the utmost heartiness.

"Ah, Sir J. D. Linton, I am glad to see you."

"On behalf of the Institute, I thank you," said the President. "Yes, *Mr. Punch,* I most respectfully thank you."

"Tired of Fancy Balls, eh? No more historical *tableaux?* No dance in Piccadilly this year, eh?"

"We have given up dancing, my dear *Mr. Punch,* since they tried—h'm!—well, something of the sort at the Grosvenor."

NOTES OF THE CHESS TOURNAMENT.

By D. Crambo, Junior.

King's Pawn.

Bishop threatens Rook.

The Consultation Game.

Drawn Game.

Stale Mate.

Smothered Mate.

Perpetual Check.

Check Mate.

Again the Procession marched on.

"What!" exclaimed the Sage, "Whistler!"

"Yes," returned that eminent Artist, with a particularly musical laugh, "I am actually President of the Society of British Artists! Do you hear,—*British!* Isn't it a joke?" and the particularly musical laugh was repeated.

Then came Sir John Everett Millais, smoking.

"You look to greater advantage than your pictures at the Holloway Pillories," said *Mr. Punch.*

"Why, I thought they were capitally hung," replied the matured pre-Raphaelite. "They tell me that the '*Princes in the Tower*,' the '*Princess Elizabeth*,' and the rest, are placed on a wall facing the '*Railway Station*' of Frith."

"Facing Frith! Then you would suggest that they considered you his opposite?"

"I never said a disagreeable thing of a man in my life," puffed out Sir John, as with a smile he marched on.

Then there was a perfect crowd—Herkomer, and Tissot, and a female livid in tone hiding behind a picture by Jan Van Beers.

When *Mr. Punch* saw the last, who was staggering about like the galvanised corpse of a *Parisienne*, he shuddered.

"A ghastly sight! Were all like yonder phantom I should call this Procession"—— And then *Mr. Punch* paused.

"A classical triumph!" suggested the P.R.A.

"An arrangement in coats and trousers," put in J. McN. Whistler.

"No," returned *Mr. Punch*—"I should call it the Funeral of Art."

The New Ra(i)ker Progress.—To the office of Postmaster-General.

A BOARD-SCHOOL JOURNAL.

"Compulsory Calisthenics may, sooner or later, become part of the instruction which the State will impart to every citizen at the expense of the community."—*Daily Paper.*

Morning.—Up at six, studying that difficult problem in Trigonometry which floored me yesterday, and which the Head Teacher said would have to be mastered before I could even hope to get that Entrance Scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge. Rather interrupted by father (who is a bricklayer) calling me down-stairs to help mother light kitchen-fire and get his breakfast—also in efforts to prevent father trampling on mother with his hobnails because the fire would not light fast enough. Yesterday's Calisthenic practice came in useful. Enabled me to vault skilfully out of the way when father (in a moment of irritation) tried to smash me with the kitchen-fender. Father, I am sorry to say, is not a friend to education, and sees no good in Trigonometry.

At School.—First hour taken up with violent *trapèze* exercise. Feel rather empty and tired after it, having had no breakfast to speak of. Next hour devoted to *vivâ voce* work with the Italian Professor. Then another hour in the yard with the dumb-bells. Teacher surprised to see me nearly faint in the middle. Says nobody could possibly get an Entrance Scholarship at Cambridge from a Board School unless he was a perfect master of the dumb-bells. Believe I should master them better if I had some food. Fear I've no chance of Cambridge, after all.

Dinner.—Thank heaven! Curious how much I look forward to this meal. Must try to remember that I am fourteen years old now, and that I must only care for intellectual pleasures. Feel more cheerful, and really think I may get that Scholarship some day.

Afternoon.—A dreadful hour with the Trigonometry Professor. Wonder why I've that singing in my head! Teacher begs me, with tears in his eyes, to try and master what he calls "this elementary problem." Says the School will lose the Government Grant if I don't. Very sorry, but really don't see how I can prevent it.

Go out into yard in state of despair. Cambridge seems farther off than ever. Find Teacher of Calisthenics waiting for me round a corner. Says *he* will lose *his* Government Grant if I can't do my Parallel Bar Exercise quicker. Begs me, for sake of his wife and family, to try and exert myself. Do so, violently. At end of hour feel pains all over me. Fear I've over-exerted myself. But Calisthenic Professor very pleased with me—that's one comfort. Asks me, "just to oblige him," to have a round with the gloves before going in to the class on Hydrostatical Dynamics. Make excuse, and get out of it.

Evening.—At home. So's father, I'm sorry to say. Tell him I've been doing Hydrostatical Dynamics, and he threatens to "Dynamic me" with the kitchen poker. Hurry upstairs. Singing in head worse. Violent pains continue. Get out my Trigonometry books, and must really try to master that problem, or I shall never get an Entrance Scholarship at Cambridge. Feel so dizzy!

* * * * * *

Afterwards.—They took me off to the Hospital, it seems, where I had brain-fever, complicated with rupture of the right cardiac ventricle. The Trigonometry produced the brain-fever, and the Calisthenics the other disease. Now, five weeks after, am still painfully weak. Doctor says I shall never be fit for any mental or physical exertion to speak of. Father (I regret to say) swears at Doctor, and says I must stop "all that dratted book-larnin," and carry up his bricks "on a hod." And so ends my dream of Trinity College, Cambridge!

The Alphabet of Chess.

Guard well the K. with the Kts,
And still be busy with your B's,
The "three R's" rule the world, but Chess
Must fight its battles with one less.
Finally, if you would not lose,
Be sure you mind your P's and Q's!

The Khan-khan.—'Arry hears that Russia desires to add the Khanate of Khiva to the possessions of the Khan of Bokhara. 'Arry opines that, if he puts up with it, "the Khiva cove must be more of a 'Mug' than a Khan."

COUPLET BY A CYNIC.

Statues for Blackfriars Bridge? Ho! ho!
How long 'twill be *in statu quo!*

Latest from Paris.—It is said the French have adopted the verb "*Colinder*" in reference to our latest Exhibition in South Kensington. "*Quand j'irai à Londres, je colinderai tous les jours,*" will doubtless save a great deal of time and explanation.

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